

Sketch

Volume 27, Number 1

1960

Article 13

Hypochondria

James Sage*

*Iowa State College

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<http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch>

Hypochondria

James Sage

Abstract

The land is infected The people are infected Pestilence is everywhere Pity- pity those who see strangers In this land...

nothing hid which shall not be manifested; neither is anything kept secret, but that it should come abroad.”’

“He said that to me, and I was terrified. I hated him for saying that. So I started to laugh, very loudly. He thanked me for the drinks and went out. I just sat there for a while, scared, and going over and over that passage. I wanted it so badly to be a lie. It *had* to be a lie.”

John sighed and lay back then. “And this is the proving.” Donna reached over and touched the cool bronze.

“The old man was right, wasn’t he?” she murmured.

John nodded, and they were quiet for a while. She caressed the figures with trembling fingers and felt the heat of the sun. The dune’s slope burnt whiter in it.

John lifted his head to see her and smiled. “It’s a gift, for you.”

“For us.” She looked out to the tip of the point. “As long as it’s here.”

Two silent terns wafted lightly over the spit, spun once in the air, and drifted out to sea.

Hypochondria

by James Sage

The land is infected
 The people are infected
 Pestilence is everywhere
 Pity — pity those who see strangers
 In this land. Yes,
 Pity our weeping nation
 And all that occurs.
 Must we have excess
 To know moderation?

Heaven must be a sterile place.

I’ve heard
 Clamorous death
 Sweeping through the mob;
 Muted life is seeping in new breath —
 There are signs.

Pity, pity. Life's so
Great a strain.
Siliceous dreams flow
Through cosmic indifference and wait
For shattering vibrations. Insane
Nightmares have sport
With man's fate.
Must we have pain
So we'll know comfort?

Man slithers into the sunlight
To shed his parched skin.
A new ring is added.

Must we have sickness to know health?
Must we have age to know youth?

Blood is running everywhere.
People are running everywhere.
Let's flee,
Warmed-over death!
What disaster is it?
The feeding must be near.

Must we have earth
So we may know Heaven?

Five o'clock is feeding time.
Time to feed the hippos.
Time to feed the monkeys.
Time to feed the lions
A nice fat Christian.